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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1899. NUMBER 5.

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The Boston Meeting of the Liberal Congress.

...*A Postponement*...

COMMUNICATION received from the local committee having in charge the Boston Congress, received since the last issue, conveyed to the executive committee of the board of directors at Chicago the opinion that the ten days' meeting of the International Congregational Council, the annual conferences and congresses of the Universalists, Unitarians and Episcopalians, the American Board, the Metaphysical Congress, all of which held their meetings in the month of October, many of them in and around Boston, would absorb so much of the energy and time of the Boston people that the committee, after full consideration, had decided to recommend the postponement of the congress to a date when the program can be more adequately realized by the attendance of many men of influence, who, for the above reasons, are kept away, and by the larger attendance that would come at a less crowded and distracted season. A meeting of the Chicago directors was held on Monday last, and while regretting the necessity, the board unanimously voted to accept the decision of the Boston committee. Further particulars of the postponement will be printed as soon as possible. Meanwhile we deplore any disappointment this decision may occasion to those who had planned to attend at this time, but solicit their continued interest and assure them that no pains will be spared to make the postponement the means of giving a more significant and noble congress in Boston in due time. And we can further assure them that the change is made in the interest of a greater faith in the possibility of this work and in the need of doing it.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
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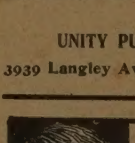

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1899. NUMBER 5.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward seems to be the truly liberal voice most effectively heard in England to-day. She pleads not for the dismantlement of the established church, but for the expansion of it, so that it will have room for the sacredotalist or the high churchman and room as well for the broad churchman that takes in Jowett, Martineau and Green.

The American enthusiasm for Anglo-Saxon alliance will probably receive a chill in the hearts of many Americans if the English government should stoop to its old tricks of carrying the terror of its armies to the remote corners of the globe and try to suppress the commendable aspirations of a people to govern themselves and to direct their own affairs. If there should be a war between England and the struggling Dutch colonies in South Africa, where will American sympathy go?

Further development in the Dreyfus case shows that France is getting sick of court martials. Their career as tribunals of justice is soon to terminate. As we said before, Dreyfus is not a victim of France, but of the military, in the presence of which the noble France, "the poet of the nations," itself stands in dire danger. The world will now await the trial of Zola with breathless interest. Whatever his final place in literature may be, he has made for himself a permanent place among the heroes of the world.

The Society of Friends has been holding a summer school in Birmingham, England. A correspondent to the "Enquirer" says of their purpose: "A summer school does not mean the setting up of intellectual study above spiritual insight, but rather the endeavor to learn to dedicate to the service of God, of the society and of humanity all the powers with which we have been endowed." A good statement of the true work not only of the summer school but of all schools, particularly that high school of the spirit called the church.

Many a minister who has conscientiously used his vacation for the refurnishing of himself to his work and has returned with a message in his heart to his people, resolved to lay his plans and dreams before his congregation on the first Sunday, will sympathize with the following editorial, clipped from "The Messenger," the parish paper of our neighbor, R. A. White. How many ministers described above will find the men and women to whom they meant to speak and for whose ears they prepared themselves, "not having started yet"? Do such expect to get church results on conditions less exacting than those of the exchange, the school and the club?

"But certainly all have missed many 'who have not yet started.' Why not start at once and give the weight of your presence from the beginning of the church year? Every family or individual who ought to be at the Sunday morning service and is not there is an element of discouragement to the preacher. It takes from his enthusiasm when those who claim to believe in the value of such a church as ours seem to hold its services lightly and allow the least passing incident or personal inconvenience to keep them at home."

The question of the over-supply of ministers is agitating our exchanges. The "Outlook" talks about "the theological seminaries swamping the Congregationalist churches with ministers and the intense competition lowering the salaries." Seven hundred and fifty ministers are reported out of a job in that body alone in this country, and apparently largely the same conditions obtain in other denominations, while, on the other hand, as many depressing figures could be collated concerning the vacant pulpits in the country. Perhaps facts really point to the inadequacy of both churches and would-be preachers to the needs of the community; too many "vealy" theologues who have a smattering of the theologies that obtain in the books and that are expounded in the theological school, too many churches that are trying to live on such theologies while the aching heart of humanity cries out for bread which only living souls, stalwart spirits, men and women tempered in the world and by the world, can give. Consolidation and combination obtain in all the so-called secular departments of life. The work must begin one of these days in the so-called ecclesiastical realm. The number of churches must be reduced in order to increase the quality. The number of preachers must be reduced by raising the standard, not of scholarship in the narrow sense, but of spiritual power, intellectual breadth and ethical sincerity and enthusiasm. If we mistake not, the era of combination in churches is almost here. In Chicago plans for the consolidation of the First and Trinity churches in the Methodist fellowship are being openly discussed and actively pushed; a few months ago two prominent Presbyterian churches on the South Side combined, and it is an open local secret that suggestions of this kind are pressing themselves upon the officers of several other so-called "leading churches."

Edwin D. Mead still believes in Boston and Boston leadership, notwithstanding the suspicion rather near home that the intellectual prerogatives of Boston are being challenged and that other centers are suggested as sources of more life and regenerative influences. Mr. Mead, in a two-column letter to the "Boston Globe," admits that Boston cannot now claim any such permanent coterie of poets and historians as it did in the days of Emerson, Longfellow, Motley, Parkman, etc., but he claims for Boston still pre-eminence in general influence and social and political thought. The two great movements that led to independence and the freedom of the slave undoubtedly found in Boston their earliest and most persistent supporters.

The third great struggle now upon us, a struggle for an industrial equality as complete as the political equality we now enjoy will, he predicts, find in Boston a similar initiative and sustaining power. We hope that Mr. Mead's predictions will prove true. But this last great movement will not be dependent upon a few individual leaders, but rather upon the courage of the masses, of those who are willing to declare their independence of convention, who are not afraid of the respectabilities and are willing to bargain for defeat and the disgraces of the minority. Mr. Mead reminds the Bostonians that they need to go West once a year to regulate their watches and to keep themselves from getting rusty. Incidentally Mr. Mead reminds us that Berlin has grown faster than Chicago and Hamburg faster than Boston in our generation, that Leipsic has doubled its population in the last twenty years; that the great Paris and London we now know are chiefly growths of our century. Rapid growth or giant size are poor recommendations for respect and poorer excuses for moral delinquencies.

"The Man with the Hoe."

Millet's awful picture and Markham's powerful comment thereon are in the world to stay. This man who carries a burden he knows not of and is bent by a weight neither he nor we understand, has taken his place among the Titanic sufferers of the world. He is a humble kinsman of Victor Hugo's Jean Valjean, both poor and human realization, each in his own way, of the pathetic burden bearers represented by such creations as the Prometheus of Æschylus, the Lear of Shakespeare and the Manfred of Byron. Each in his own way is wrestling with problems too great for him, is being crushed by some weight, human or divine, which ought to be ameliorated.

It is the fate of the prophet that in order to fully express himself he must seem to exaggerate; his statement must be phrased in what seems to be overstatement, and as a matter of course there are plenty of those always on hand to call attention to this fact, to tone down the argument and to divert the eye. Such is the fate of Markham's poem and our papers are loaded with those who are ready to remind us that Millet's "man with the hoe" is not an American: indeed, that he is not a farmer at all, and that instead of being bent he is straightening; that he is a hopeful type being ground upward by the mill of evolution, etc., etc. Among such modifiers of prophecy we are pained to find our fellow laborer and contributor, John Chadwick, who generally is so in the van and who smells the battle of progress from afar. In a recent number of the "Christian Register" he ventures even to playfully suggest that the chief trouble with this man lay in the fact that his hoe handle was too short and he suggests as a relief to the French peasant the importation of the American type of hoe. We must not take Mr. Chadwick seriously in this suggestion and we cannot hold him responsible for defective early training. That training may have given him considerable insight into the manufacture of shoes, but the senior editor of UNITY could give him some important points on hoes had not John C. Kimball, in a subsequent number of the "Christian Register," anticipated him. The American hoe that so challenges the admiration of Mr. Chadwick, "that is beautiful to see and can be bought for thirty-five cents," was meant for no such stern work as this peasant has in hand. He is not tickling the soil already loosened by the plow and decapitating juvenile fox-tail, but if Mr. Chadwick looks closely he will see that that man is digging a ditch through the stubborn piece of waste ground that will drain the marshy bog where in the distance, presumably, his wife is already at work burning off the brush. But playful argument aside, "The Man With the Hoe," as interpreted by Markham, is a stubborn factor in modern economics, and blind indeed is the man who does not see the brother and sister of this man with the hoe in the city and in the country. In America as in Europe, in Nebraska and in Massachusetts, he is seen on the streets as on the farm, sometimes in the clean dress of an accountant or the attractive garb of a shop girl; sometimes we see him in the counting room, sometimes in the street car, sometimes in the sweatshop, but he is there. It is not enough to say that he has always been here, for that shows that we are hardened to his presence, and to say that he will always be here is to confess our atheism and to predict a pessimism more grim than anything Markham or Millet indulged in. Indeed, the saddest type of the pessimist to-day is he who has worked himself into complacency in the presence of what he considers the inevitable. The optimist of God is a man who is capable of a righteous indignation, the man who has vitality enough in his heart to make a protest against the wrong that exist in the interest of the right that must exist.

But Millet received the full measure of this sneer before Markham came to his interpretation. Sensier, the biographer of Millet, quotes a letter from the pathetic but brave artist concerning this very picture. We reprint it because it is not only a vindication, but an interpretation of both poem and picture:

"The gossip about my 'Man With the Hoe' seemed to me all very strange, and I am obliged to you for letting me know it, as it furnishes me with another opportunity to wonder at the ideas which people attribute to me. In what club have my critics ever met me? Socialist? Why, I really might answer, like the Auvergnat commissionaire: 'They say I'm a Saint-Simonist. It isn't true. I don't know what a "Saint-Simonist" is.'

Is it impossible to admit that one can have some sort of an idea in seeing a man devoted to gaining his bread by the sweat of his brow. Some tell me that I deny the charms of the country. I find much more than charms—I find infinite glories. I see as well as they do the little flowers of which Christ said that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. I see the halos of dandelions, and the sun, also, which spreads out beyond the world its glory in the clouds. But I see as well, in the plain, the steaming horses at work, and in a rocky place a man, all worn out, whose 'han!' has been heard since morning, and who tries to straighten himself a moment and breathe. The drama is surrounded by beauty."

If anyone still dares call this poem or picture the work of a pessimist or fails to see in both the promise and faith that belong to a believer in man, a lover of nature, let him read in another place in the same book:

"Sometimes, in places where the land is sterile, you see figures hoeing and digging. From time to time one raises

himself and "straightens his back," as they call it, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. 'Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow.' Is this the gay, jovial work some people would have us believe in? But, nevertheless, to me it is true humanity and great poetry!"

The Noble Life.

("Better is one hour of repentance and good works in this world than all the life of the world to come."—Mishna.)

Take, O friend, thy gift of days;
Use them to thy Maker's praise.
Be they many, be they few,
Good in each one see thou do;
Careful that no setting sun
Chronicles an ill deed done.
Though thy days fly swift along,
And beyond the grave appears,
Thou mayst make them glad with song,
Bright with many a word that cheers.

Better noble life and brief,
Better kindly deeds in time,
Kindling joys, assuaging grief,
Helping brothers in the grime
And sweat of hardship, than to mount
Safe on angels' wings to bliss,
There unnumbered years to count,
If those years be idleness.

—REV. CHARLES E. PERKINS.

Notes By E. P. Powell.

Hope for the Slums.—There is much to be grateful for, as Edward E. Higgins suggests in the "Street Railway Journal," in the fact that Americans have universally adopted a uniform fare for rides on street cars. It makes almost wholly in favor of the poorer classes. A graded price would double the ratio from the densely populated districts, or even treble them. This would render it impossible for the tenement house population to do anything more than double up, until pestilence swept them off the earth. The result is manifest by contrasting even our most densely populated cities with any of the cities of Europe. The 800,000 people of Glasgow are distributed over twenty-three square miles, but the 900,000 of Brooklyn cover forty-five square miles—about double the space. Boston's 700,000 population is spread out over one hundred and twenty-two square miles—having a density of a little over five thousand seven hundred to the square mile, while the population of Glasgow is about seven times denser. For five cents a citizen of Brooklyn or of Boston may travel ten miles, or even twenty. This is a loss, of course, to the company, but is compensated by the travel which covers but a few blocks.

It still remains true, however, that our cities are not emptied of their herding masses, while our tenement horror, as compared with that of Europe, is only one of degrees. Philanthropy, even when combined with the good-will of our traction companies, is utterly unable to propose any solution of the problem of overpacked population. But the electrical scientist suggests a more vigorous and certain remedy. He points out that, while steam has always been a concentering force, electricity is exactly opposite. As a power it can be carried one hundred miles from the plant or generator, while steam can only be carried with economy one-eighth of a mile. It is estimated that a dozen plants would furnish electricity to do all the traction work of Massachusetts. The introduction of this new power in the place of steam, we are told, will necessarily have a revolutionary effect in the distribution of work, and therefore upon the distribution of population. Instead of building huge factories it will tend to scatter factory work over a wide area. With the work must go the people. The object of the densely packed city is removed. It is cheaper to take the folk to the food than the food to the folk. If they work where the food grows they can help to make it grow. Rapid transit, with steam power and cheap fares, have helped to disgorge the slum, but it is hoped that electricity will prevent the slum. There is a growth of rural sentiment already. Those who work among the poorer classes report an increasing readiness to break away from the herd. At the same time the country is being relieved of that horror to minds not strongly individualized, its loneliness. The use of the telephone in connecting farmhouses is rapidly abolishing farm isolation. There are estimated to be already ten thousand farmhouses connected by wires in the single state of New York. All these lines connect with central stations, and so with the world at large. At the present rate of progress these farm circuits will be doubled every two years. We live on the threshold of a new sort of age. Physical science is in every direction opening into moral achievement.

The New Orthodoxy.—There is no doubt that the religious people of America had grown somewhat weary of the Briggs case. They followed it patiently through the presbyteries and synods and assemblies and were glad to see it landed at last in the bosom of the Episcopal Church. But while receiving Dr. Briggs into his new relations, Bishop Potter has succeeded in putting a new life and interest into the controversy. In fact, that which in the Presbyterian Church was a very questionable revolt, leaving its leader in a position half defined, and open to the charge of supressio veri or half statements, becomes now a pronounced, definite and rather defiant assertion of the rights of reason as opposed to dogma. Mr. Potter says distinctly of the Bible: "The Book is a literature; priceless, incomparable and most precious; but still a literature; and it must accept, and those who love and reverence it must accept for it the conditions of its existence." It is significant that this utterance of Bishop Potter finds as much favorable comment as unfavorable in high religious quarters. Of the daily press only the "Sun" of New York and the "Atlanta Constitution" have given notable replies. The "Sun" asserts that the language of Bishop Potter means that the time for dogmatic religion has gone by. And if that is the case, the time for Christian theology has gone by, for theology rests necessarily on dogma—dogma of revelation and of supernatural direction as well as facts—that is, on no evidence which can be adduced or supported naturally, but wholly on dogmatic assertions. Among such dogmas are to be classed "the divinity of Christ, his birth and resurrection. They cannot be demonstrated, but must be taken on faith in their dogmatic assertions." They do not present themselves to "the spiritual intuitions, the conscience and the reason," but must be accepted purely on the authority of their being dogmas of the church. "Looked at from a natural and a rationalistic standpoint, such facts violate the laws of nature and must be rejected as impossibilities." Bishop Potter claims that in a world that reads and compares, and inquires because it thinks, dogma or authority has no right over us or claim upon us, except through an appeal to the judges of all truth, which are the image of God in us, that is "the spiritual intuition, the conscience and the reason." This is old ground to some of us, but it is breaking new ground, and, we think, breaking it very rapidly for orthodoxy. One critic, writing in the "Atlanta Constitution," avers that Bishop Potter's sermon is nothing more or less than an announcement that faith is played out, and that "Christianity as it has been understood, depends not on its inherent authority, but upon the opinions of those who know how to reason. When we say that Christ, the Son of God, came into the world to save sinners we declare dogma of Christianity. "What part can intuitions of the conscience or the reason play in judging the truth of this dogma? The human reason cannot compass it, and in many

notable cases shrinks from contemplating it." Yet this critic does not hesitate to condemn Bishop Potter's position as an attack upon the very foundations of religion. "If the Bible is to be deprived of its supernatural authority, and stripped of the divine significance which Christians have always and everywhere attributed to it—if it is simply from the hand and brain of man—it ceases at once to have any coherence and becomes incredible." This is an astounding dilemma which we are willing to leave entirely to those who accept it as legitimate. There seems to be no doubt but the time has come for the critical mind and the honest upward-looker to take the position that religion is not based upon dogma. We have a right to claim to be profoundly religious while rejecting dogmas that defy reason. In other words, we may safely believe that we can base a religion of character, a religion of holy living, a religion that covers all the demands of human nature, upon the facts that are referable to the conscience, the reason and the spiritual intuition. Does Dr. Potter stand for a very large proportion of the Episcopal Church of America? He certainly stands for that freedom of faith which is the only hope of an age of science. He seems to believe, however, that he stands fairly as the representative of the church to which he has received Prof. Briggs. His final clauses positively assert this: "The Bible is not a book of dogma, but a book of logical deduction from historical facts, boldly challenging criticism. It could never have had the hold it has upon the minds as well as the hearts of men were it otherwise. And if there is to-day a Christian church which is built upon dogma it is not the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America."

Good Poetry.

Ode to Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who has not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twine'd flowers;
And sometimes, like a gleaner, thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them,—thou hast thy music too,
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—*John Keats.*

A Ditty of No Tone.

Piped to the Spirit of John Keats.

I.

Would that my lips might pour out in thy praise
A fitting melody—an air sublime,—
A song sun-washed and draped in dreamy haze—
The floss and velvet of luxurious rhyme:
A lay wrought of warm languors, and o'er-brimmed
With balminess, and fragrance of wild flowers
Such as the droning bee ne'er wearies of—
Such thoughts as might be hymned
To thee from this midsummer land of ours
Through shower and sunshine blent for very love.

II.

Deep silences in woody aisles, wherethrough
Cool paths go loitering, and where the trill
Of best-remembered birds hath something new
In cadence for the hearing—lingering still
Through all the open day that lies beyond:
Reaches of pasture-lands, vine-wreathen oaks,
Majestic still in pathos of decay;—
The road—the wayside pond
Wherein the dragonfly an instant soaks
His filmy wing-tips ere he flits away.

III.

And I would pluck from out the dank, rich mould,
Thick-shaded from the sun of noon, the long
Lithe stalks of barley, topped with ruddy gold,
And braid them in the meshes of my song;
And with them I would tangle wheat and rye,
And wisps of greenest grass the katydid
Ere crept beneath the blades of, sulkily,
As harvest-hands went by;
And weave of all, as wildest fancy bid,
A crown of mingled song and bloom for thee.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.—*Phillips Brooks.*

"The Life of William Morris," in two sumptuous volumes, is an interesting contribution both to the history of letters, the history of the world and the history of social reform, for William Morris was both poet, artist and reformer. In each of these rôles he won eminence and has left word and works behind worth study.

The story of the Society of Friends in America is as yet inadequately told, and but little appreciated by those outside that fellowship. The account by Miss Caroline Hazard of the "Narragansett Friends' Meeting in the XVIII Century," soon to be brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is a contribution to such study that ought to receive cordial welcome and wide reading.

The story of Professor Jowett, the learned and late lamented Greek scholar of Oxford, recently given a new start in the papers, is more than a bright bon mot; it is a new theology in a nutshell, the living issue in religion in a epigram. The pupil sa'd: "I want to know, professor, what you think of God." "I am more concerned, sir, to know what God thinks of me." Theories of the divine have but little influence upon our lives, but the effort to adjust ourselves into the divine necessities and realities has profound significance.

"The Old South Leaflets," published in the interest of the historical work so well fostered by the generosity of Mrs. Hemenway, the scholarship of John Fiske and the business sagacity and energy of Edwin D. Mead, have reached one hundred, the hundredth being a reproduction of Robert Browne's "Reformation Without Tarrying for Any," published in 1582. This was one of the early documents of the independency that grew into modern Congregationalism, and its appearance is opportune when Boston has been taken possession of by the International Congregational Council. These hundred leaflets contain much interesting and to most people inaccessible material. Let those interested inquire further.

The Pulpit.

The Inside Work of the Church.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Preached in All Souls Church, Chicago, September 24, 1899.

"Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." II Kings, xx:1.

I assume that our attendance here proves that the church is a necessity in the development of human nature, not, indeed, to every individual man at any particular stage of his development, but to the aggregate man, to society as a whole, the church in some form or another is an indispensable attendant upon his higher life. All history goes to prove that religion finds early expression in the life of the primitive man and that with his development the expression of religion has ever grown more intense, complex, imposing. From the totum of the medicine man to the spire on the cathedral, and beyond this to the spiritual spire in the heart of poet and of prophet, we trace the symbols of the ever-present and ever-growing church. Churches indeed die, but the church remains. Sects and creeds are formulated with difficulty, held at a sacrifice and abandoned with more or less tribulation, but that which built the churches and formulated the creeds abides, calling for fresh expressions, cherishing new phrases and consecrating other shrines.

The church abides, because:

1. It stands for the deep things in life. The drawing-room, the club, the dancing hall, the lecture, the library, come into our lives with welcome pleasures and high privileges, but there are moments in your life and mine when we must flee the social chamber, shun the library, and when the most seductive notes of the lyceum and the stage grate harshly upon the ear. When marriage vows are to be consecrated, when the holy ties are ruthlessly snapped by death, when shame comes upon us and life's horizon is darkened by sins and mistakes, then in some form or another the soul turns to the altars of the Most High. "You have no use for the confessional box in your church, but it is a great power in ours," said one of the attendant priests to me the other day as I went about with him admiring the truly beautiful architecture of the Church of the Holy Angels near by. "Oh, yes, we do," I replied. "We may not lay any supernatural claim or ecclesiastical sanction to it, but manly confession is a necessity at times and a relief always to the troubled soul."

2. The church not only stands for the deep things but it stands for the long things of life. There are religious fashions that change with the generations, and sometimes, alas, with the seasons. But religion itself is never a fashion. The awe in the human soul as it confronts the inscrutable mysteries of life, the humility born out of its sense of weakness, the fear that creeps over the soul when it realizes its inadequacy, and the shame when it realizes its shortcomings, aye, its ecstacy in moments of love's fruition and its daring hope in the presence of life's limitations, these are the permanent things in the life of man testified to by the tile temples of Mesopotamia as much as by the domed glory that Angelo hung over Saint Peters in Rome. Testified to none the less by Quaker silence, the symphonies of Beethoven and the trustfulness of Fenelon and Channing. These lasting emotions of the human soul are testified to by the tattooing on the skin of the Brahmin hermit, the "tom-tom" music under the shade of African forests, the Dervishers' weird call to prayer from Mohammedan minarets, and the awful summons to duty falling from the lips of Isaiah, Savonarola, Luther and Theodore Parker.

3. The church remains, though churches die, because, in the third place, it stands for the broad things. Life is solitary enough at best. There are times when the soul cries out for the living God expressed in the living hearts of men and women. It is all very well to boast of your "independence" to so equip yourself and protect yourself that you may say, "Whatever comes I am provided for," but you will be reminded in due time that there are wants which your bank deposits cannot supply, needs which will mock your bravest independence and you will need to lose your little self-consciousness in the bigger consciousness of the community. There are times when you will forget the pronouns of the singular number and your only pronouns will be those in the plural number. The consciousness of the "I" will be lost in the aching consciousness of the "we."

This, then, is the high paradox of the radical student of religion: Churches must change or die. The church must live on forever. Ecclesiasticisms are to be modified or outgrown, but the soul will ever respect its hierarchy. This radicalism made Ernest Renan the iconoclast among religions, but a priest of religion. He fought the limitations, imperfections and crudities of historic religion and yet affirmed that the "Sabbath was the outcome of a high stage of civilization" and a necessary attendant upon the same. To the enlightened soul, to the living heart, to the conscientious father and mother, the practical question of to-day is not a "church or no church," but it always ought to be "which church," and if, perchance, as is often the case, there be no church within reach that meets the wants of the soul, then make one.

Let us not become entangled with words; do not try to escape this necessity through a trick of the dictionary. If you do not like the word "church," if you choose to identify this word with the things that are transient and the superstitions that are obsolete or obsolescent, then get a better name, any name you like, only so that you have some sort of affiliation with your kind in the interest of the deepest needs of your soul, the highest reach of your mind, the severest exactions of your conscience. Call it anything you like or nothing at all; let your rendezvous be in temple, cathedral, hall, club room, schoolhouse or field, only so you see to it that you do meet in the interests of those deep things, long things and broad things that are related to the well-being of the individual and of society. Bitter are the disillusions of the spirit. What agony of disappointment must have waited upon the great Greek dramatists, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, when they saw the great holy festivals of Dyonisius degenerating into Bacchic frivolity, and their sublime interpretations of life, their great tragedies of soul, written for the purpose of voicing the holy appeal of sacred altars, give way to comedy and caricature. Oh, how bitter were the disappointments of the temple builders at Jerusalem when they found that the promises of Isaiah in regard to the first temple and of Ezekiel concerning the second temple, were not realizable, or, to catch the phrase of modern skepticism, were "not practicable." Has not the intelligent modern world wept with Savonarola over the corruptions of the church that was his life blood? Have we not groaned with young Martin Luther as he walked the streets of the Holy City for the first time and realized the unholiness related thereto? Emigration is often, reformation is always the demand of the church upon those in the churches. My contention this morning is that the demands of your soul to-day call for an affiliation with your fellows in the interest of what seems to you most profound and the fact that you are isolated by your thought from, and antagonized by your feeling to existing churches only emphasizes your need and your duty in this direction.

Let us go a step further and ask what are the characteristics of the church you most need and which, if

happily found, deserves your consecrated support and intelligent coöperation.

First, as to the needs of the individual. The church you need is one that will help you ever to make effective the emphasis of conscience. Practically speaking, life is full of temptations. Business in the high complexity of modern life is full of pitfalls. It is so easy to cut across the corner and to make that diagonal which ought to be square, make that crooked or curved which ought to be straight. You want a church that will set itself over against the seductions of trade, the temptations to find a commercial success at the cost of integrity and intelligence. The world awaits a new influx of honesty. Society calls for more integrity in the daily life of men and women, and the individual who goes up and down the streets of Chicago on business bent travels among ravening wolves; his soul is beset by spiritual bulls and bears that threaten to tear him to pieces. Let him seek the church that will reinforce his moral nature, that will put the essentials of the spirit where they belong, just where the ethical center of gravitation falls. Whatever symbols fail, the old-fashioned balances of justice, the *quid pro quo* canon of business must hold. Whatever dogmas fail, the infallibility of the multiplication table, the unflinching equity of mathematics, the divine demand of figures honestly worked out must obtain. The a b c's of ethics implied in honest wages for an honest day's work, fidelity to one's word and purity in one's life, these are the commonplace but the high demands of religion, and if we need a new fashion in our churches it is in the interest of these old-fashioned virtues. In the name of religion I call upon you, young men and young women, to go to the church that will most efficiently help accentuate your duty. Let it be a church planted on the decalogue, the golden rule and the multiplication table. Seek a church that will correct your narrowness. Pitiable is the soul that does not know how to divide its store, whether that store be a crust or a million. All the modern triumphs of science, art and commerce point to a cosmopolitanism, some kind of a mighty togetherness. Human life is being woven into one solid fabric, a holy tapestry in which individuals are but threads, but threads about to be woven into figures of marvelous beauty. I know of no efficient remedy to the "schims" and "isms," the clashing of clans and sects and parties, the ugly dismemberment of ranks and stations, social pretentions and social attractions, except some great organization committed to religion, some holy church committed to the universal brotherhood of man.

Look out upon society. See it bleeding from the gashes cut across the face of the community by the bloody knives that dissect the corporate whole into clubs and cliques, labor unions, business combines, Christian sects and political parties.

Oh, let the victims of all those who cut with and are being cut by these reeking knives flee as the hunted of old did to the city of refuge, to some house of God where man as man is welcome, to which nothing human is foreign. No woman indulges in what she calls a "social function" but she of necessity and unintentionally uses this knife in most unsocial fashion. The little twelve-year-old miss who gives her birthday party and invites only the "nice little girls" in her neighborhood innocently perpetrates social wrongs which God in His infinite mercy will forgive because of her childish ignorance. Let us pray that her elders may plead the same excuse. If during the week day the "walking delegate" in the spirit of these more wealthy brothers and sisters of his must go about and elect and exclude, in heaven's name let there be on Sunday some rallying place where there will be no scanning of tickets at the door, no measuring of properties, but where every soul is welcome by virtue of the simple fact that it is a soul.

Seek, then, that church that is most democratic and grieve that the superlative in this direction is so inadequate and exclusive.

Lastly, seek the church that will give you the longest perspective, the highest ideals of life. Time is the supreme court that has reversed most of the decisions of men. The pitiable mistakes committed and horrible cruelty perpetrated by the French courts in the case of Dreyfus are not exceptional. Such have been the impetuous decrees of human courts, military and ecclesiastic, all the way down the ages. But every wronged individual appealing his case, carrying it up to the high Court of Time, the ultimate tribunal of history, has had the decision reversed and his case has been vindicated. Witness the ultimate vindication of such criminals as John Brown, Savonarola, Jesus Christ and Socrates, all of them put to death as malefactors, sentenced as the enemy of man and traitors in the state. But the decisions have been reversed by the court of highest appeal and they stand as the benefactors and saviors of mankind.

Seek the church of the open mind, the church of mental patience, spiritual tolerance, the church of high ideals. The valley where swarm the multitude is full of distracted and distracting voices; it is a babel of disputing and disputatious people, people in a mad rush for some near good, they know not what, playing an unholy grab game in which there is a scramble for bon bons, the poor candy that so soon sickens and disgusts.

Go to the church that is reared on the mountain, the high peak whereon broods the eternal calm, where the great forces of God play in their deliberate sweep high above the clamorous, feverish, selfish lives below.

I have been appealing to the individual as the unit of this church, but there are higher units than the individual that need this church to which the church must minister. The next higher unit is that of the family. The church you need must become the guide, inspiration and shelter of grandchild and grandparent. Here the little ones must be taught to lisp the sacred words in a sacred way if later along they are to know the strength of manhood and womanhood and the serenity of old age. The church you need must be the church of the "Ancient Mariner:"

> "O sweeter than the marriage feast,
> 'Tis sweeter far to me,
> To walk together to the kirk
> With a goodly company!
>
> To walk together to the kirk,
> And altogether pray,
> While each to his great Father bends,
> Old men, and babes, and loving friends
> And youths and maidens gay!

This church that has foresworn lines must beware lest it fall into the tyranny of the most evasive and elusive of lines; that is, the age line. The passion for classification and division which is the characteristic or our age runs into imbecility and absurdity nowhere so strikingly as in the cruel way in which it seeks to divide the seamless robe of life by cutting it into age fragments. Not content with the first dangerous and sometimes cruel segmentation of the modern Protestant church by the establishment of a Sunday-school as a substitute for the church to young people, the attendance on the one being an excuse for non-attendance on the other, Protestantism has gone on dividing until now we have the pitiable spectacle of a church distracted by a "Young Men's Christian Union," a "Young Women's Christian Union," a "Young People's League" and a "Junior Young People's League," "Boys' Brigades," "King's Daughters," "The Young People's Guild" and the "Guild" of the young people a little younger, or young people not so very young, and so on endlessly until there is not much

left for the church itself but infants and the superannuated.

Let the church that seeks to synthesize the elements of life begin by synthesizing the family, holding all its members in its warm embrace, the innocent babe and those staggering under the weight of years. O, mother, if it is a church such as you need, take your child there. Rest assured no instrumentality will give to your child a foundation in religion that will hold that leaves you out. There is one kind of culture you cannot buy and that is spiritual culture. You cannot trade your gold for a moral enthusiasm for your children. You parents who are willing to pay for all kinds of education for your children except the most important kind, have no right to expect that will be given to them as a gratuity. You who boast of your independence in every other way ought to be ashamed to confess yourself a dependent and a pauper here and think your duty more than done if by rare self-denial you forget your Sunday morning laziness long enough to primp your little ones off in their Sunday dress and send them to be taught religion by some childless young woman whom perhaps you do not know and do not care to know. Let your church respect the family unit, accentuate the common home life and do that all together which is so sadly neglected at the home fireside, viz., teach the sanctities, lay the foundations for reverence, discover the abiding truth beneath the passing form in prayer, confession and hymn.

A third and last unit in the life of the church of which I speak this morning is the unit of the community. The church that is to represent the fundamental forces of religion that I have spoken of and minister to the neglected faculties of the soul, must be a church for the community. It must carry in its heart a concern for the well-being of the community. It must have a neighborhood consciousness, a civic conscience. It must be a deliberate helper of the state. The sectarian church, whose primary appeal is to Baptist, Unitarian, Methodist, Catholic or Jew, carries within itself the seeds of death and, as all history proves, a time will come when it is not. The mighty organized religions of the world have been in one way or another state religions. I know the story, recognize the difficulties, deplore the conflicts, but our task is not to abandon but to solve the problem, find wisdom enough to make a church that will be an inspiration to the community and still leave the community free; that will be a loving, loyal co-worker with the state, and not a rival. The church I plead for must be conscious of the evil environment, physical and spiritual, that besets its constituents by day and by night. It must have a nose that will smell the stench that escapes from the sewer physical and the sewer moral, and, knowing the stench, make haste to mend the sewer. It is the mission of this church to sanitize the community in every way possible, to help abridge its schemes of selfishness and conventionality, to simplify the home, if it may, with lessons in "plain living and high thinking;" to guard the boys from the contaminations of the street, and to eliminate outright the dens of iniquity, the halls of dissipation, the homes of inebriety, all of which thrive right here within reach of my voice, because the so-called churches in this vicinity have been so preoccupied in saving their own miserable lives, in fostering their own perishable "isms," in advancing their own mean little denominational notes, that so far as these great fundamental interests of the community are concerned they are neglected, aye, oftentimes forgotten and ignored. One, two, three, four, five churches within pistol shot of this corner, every one of them tending up to their own interests, as they think, with splendid energy, guarding their own shibboleth, teaching their children diligently their own "Abra-ca-dabra," their pet conjuring phrases, by which they hope to exorcise the evil spirits of this world and to save the soul for eternity, while within the range of the same pistol shot there are probably twice as many more places consecrated to the service of hell, confessedly seeking the damnation of the soul in the interests of a trade in whisky, beer, tobacco and the unutterable degradations of woman's virtue and man's purity—saloons, gambling tables, dance houses, vaudeville shows, the very mention of the character of the entertainment of which will make you mothers blush. There they are right over there, going on this very morning, awaiting your boy, poisoning the imagination of your girl, ready to entrap your brother and your husband. And still you are or try to be religious mothers and we are a pious community with five churches and all the machinery of salvation running in full blast.

If you are in search of a church seek one that will stand for the neighborhood, that is committed to civic integrity, social purity, domestic simplicity and individual sobriety. If none such is to be found, help make one. Such a one made, or making, give to it your supreme adherence and give to it at least so much systematic attention, deliberate thought and regular attendance as you give to your business, your club, your school, aye, your home, for this is the larger home without which any home is fragmentary. Deliberately I say that a home untouched by these higher helps, unsantified by such permament ties as we have been discovering this morning, is a stumbling place, a house but no home. Alas for the home wherein grow up children with no Sunday reverence or church habits. Alas for the father or mother who have so many "social engagements" that they know not the sanctifying help of altar or shrine of any description or name. Alas for the man that is so busy that he has no time to go to church until he is dead and carried there in his coffin.

After that tearful and prayerful vigilance that lasted all night in the home of good Parson John Robinson at Leyden before the Pilgrims set sail for a new world, where they were to build homes, environed in difficulties, but haloed with reverence and religion, his last appeal to the sobbing little company, his own noble face rilled with tears, was that they should ever remember that there was new truth to break from out the Holy Word and that they should not forget the assembling of themselves together. It was their fidelity to these two charges that formed the foundation of New England life and the basis of New England culture and conscience. One bid them to look forward and gave them the commission of progress; the other bid them to hold hard on to that which they possessed. They forgot not the "assembling of themselves together" and thereby they laid the foundation of sober habits, built the solid wall of righteous routine and reared the spiritual temple that has endured and is to endure.

Any explanation of Channing, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker or Emerson that leaves out this element of habitual training, of systematic consecration, of deliberate church culture, is an inadequate explanation, and any attempt permanently to copy these lives, to achieve the heights they stood upon without the high discipline, the slow training, the holy helpfulness that comes from the systematic "assembling together" in the interest of the eternal things will prove disappointing and a failure. Let us then not forget the assembling of ourselves together if we would set our own household in order, for the prophet's words appeal to you and to me as they did to King Hezekiah, "Thou shalt die and not live." May we be able, like the smitten king, to turn our faces to the wall and say, "I have walked before thee in truth and with a perfect heart and have done what is good in thy sight."

The Study Table.

Literary Notes.

A charming little book lights, like a bird, on the table, full of song and good cheer. It is the work of Hattie C. Flower, and entitled "A Lovely Path to God." It makes splendid use of the New Testament. It is published by B. O. Flower, Copley Square, Boston.

"Literary Digest" brings every week such a remarkable feast, and at the same time affords such a wonderful opportunity for studying the world, and knowing what is going on in all the world, in the way of thought and action, that I cannot help wishing that every thoughtful person could have the use of it. It will be of great value in future years for reference, as it is to-day for study.

The American "Review of Reviews" is exceptionally strong in its power to assimilate news and correlate different movements of the world. The editor is never led off by side issues, and is rarely if ever caught in drawing a general conclusion from incomplete facts. The magazine, editorially, is what we Yankees sometimes call thoroughly level-headed. Politically and socially it is the most wholesome magazine in the world. The September number is a remarkably strong one.

If the multiplying socialistic clubs and other organizations that discuss social questions, including some of the churches, would throw aside the inflammatory literature that is published, purely to disturb, and not to inform, and would betake themselves to a study of the bulletins issued by the Department of Labor, they would accomplish much more for the advantage of society. These bulletins are published monthly and distributed by the government free to applicants.

"The Young Citizen," by C. F. Dole, is published by D. C. Heath & Co. of Boston. We have had occasion from time to speak in the highest terms of some of the work of Mr. Dole. This book, written for children, belongs in a class which I don't like. It gives considerable information, but it is spread over all creation. In my judgment, a child should be set to the study of things near at hand, and to a thorough study. Our great trouble is that intellectual capacity in the child is dissipated at the very outset.

I suppose that Mr. Jones' "Jess" will get enough recognition from other writers in the columns of UNITY, but I wish to suggest that American literature has hardly the equal of "The Religion of the Bird's Nest." I have already written to Mr. Jones that he should immediately get out of politics and religion and settle quietly down into literature. Here his Celtic club becomes a wand of magic power. He is some arrows' flight ahead of Burroughs in his instinct for nature. I know some spots where I should like to let him loose, under pledge not to write a sermon, but another "Religion of the Bird's Nest."

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. come "The Antigone of Sophocles" and "Prometheus Bound of Æschylus." These two volumes belong in a series of remarkable translations, which this publishing house is now giving us of classical authors. Among the rest are Homer's "Iliad and Odyssey," several of the books of Plato, Dante's "Divine Comedy," Goethe's "Faust," Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," etc. The sternest advocate of turning Greek and Latin out of our high school curriculum will not reject any effort that is or may be made to place in the hands of English readers the masterpieces of Greek and Latin literature. I am inclined to think that these very books will constitute an excellent antidote for the hasty, unfinished spirit which breathes through most of the work which we classify as English literature. The volumes are small, beautiful in every sense of the word, of light cost, and I cannot see why they do not belong on the table of our common folk of the hillsides and prairies. Set your boys and girls to studying the very best literature of the world, rather than the latest books that have dropped immaturely from the press. The editorial work, so far as I have examined the volumes, is of the very highest order.

On the table lies a magnificent production, the "Life of Edwin M. Stanton," by George C. Gorham. As the century slips out of our hands, we are losing a great deal of the interest which we felt in some of our more prominent individuals, but we are conscious of a growing interest in a few like Lincoln and Stanton. We have a consciousness that among all the strong men of the country, intellectually and morally, Mr. Stanton was one of the few foremost, best-tried and never-failing. If to any one more than to another we owe the restored Union it is to the subject of this memoir. Working magnificently with Lincoln, yet never failing to bluntly antagonize his chief, if he thought him wrong, he carried us through that fearful trial by force of will and steadfastness of purpose. We needed somebody just then and just there that nobody doubted. I believe that none had a question of the absolute honesty, sincerity and good faith of the great secretary. He had enemies in abundance, most of them greatly to his honor. The literary character of these two volumes is excellent. They constitute an exceedingly valuable historical as well as biographical work—adding to the authoritative works on the Civil War. We are destined still further to lose our admiration for a few of the great leaders of the Union armies, and this book will also contribute in that direction.

We have received a couple of remarkably bright and very important monographs on education; one from Prof. Thorndyke, on "Sentimentality in Science Teaching," protesting against a trashy sentimentality, which runs through a large portion of the science teaching in our secondary schools; and another from Prof. Joseph I. France of Port Deposit, in reply to Prof. Thorndyke. The two writers do not disagree in the main, but bring out together more fully the importance of a more comprehensive grasp of science and the philosophy of science, before it can be taught with reason. The two monographs are important, not only to educators, but as pointing along the line of a more spiritual apprehension of the material world. Prof. France quotes from Prof. Dolbear one of the latest conclusions of science, when he says that matter is not that simple thing which it was supposed to be but is "as mysterious as mind."

The drift of late has been to the production of a sort of overflow of history. A good deal of this writing has been historic dust, of no great importance to anybody, and more of it has been historic scum, an absolutely superficial view of things and men. But all the while we are gaining remarkably in our capacity to apprehend history, and to write it. On the table lies, among a dozen books on Cuba of no special importance, one that is scientific in its conception, and philosophical in its construction. It is the work of Prof. James Morton Callahan of Johns Hopkins University, entitled "Cuba and International Relations." It is a study in American diplomacy. It is published by the Johns Hopkins Press in Baltimore.

E. P. P.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Above the cloud which casts its shadow upon us is the star that sends towards us its light.
MON.—A stout heart may be ruined in fortune but not in spirit.
TUES.—The great acts of war require to be undertaken by noblemen.
WED.—Is it not a thing divine to have a smile which, none know how, has the power to lighten the weight of that enormous chain which all the living in common drag behind them?
THURS.—It is from books that wise men derive consolation in the troubles of life.
FRI.—A church is God between four walls.
SAT.—There is a spectacle grander than the ocean, and that is the conscience.

—*Victor Hugo.*

The Little Brown Dog.

Little brown dog with the meek brown eyes
Tell me the boon that most you prize.

Would a jucy bone meet your heart's desire?
Or a cozy rug by a blazing fire?
Or a sudden race with a truant cat?
Or a gentle word, or a friendly pat?
Is the worn-out ball you have always near
The dearest of all the things held dear?
Or is the home you left behind
The dream of bliss to your doggish mind?
But the little brown dog just shook his head
As if "None of these are best," he said.

A boy's clear whistle came from the street,
There's a wag of the tail, and a twinkle of feet
And the little brown dog did not even say
"Excuse me, ma'am," as he scampered away.
But I'm sure as can be his greatest joy
Is just to trot behind that boy.

—*May Ellis Nichols, in Wide Awake,*

A Blizzard and a Rooster.

One of the funniest of blizzard stories comes from Georgia. It concerns an old negress and a deceitful rooster. The intense cold weather of February froze all her chickens, and in order to make the most of a trying affair she decided to pick them and save the feathers for her pillows. So out to the hennery she went, brought in the old rooster first and pulled the feathers from him by the handfuls until all were off. When she finished him she laid him down on the hearth and went out to get another to pick, when, lo and behold! on her return the unfeathered bird was standing up before the fire flopping his naked wings and crowing as if it was Christmas with him. The woman was so frightened she fainted, and the rest of her feathered tribe were left unmolested in the coop.

Kitty and the Chickens.

There is a cat on the J. F. Baugh farm, near Mershon, that is doing the mother-hen act to the perfect satisfaction of two little foster-chicks. When the brood was hatched, these two little chicks were neglected by the hen and left to perish. They were noticed and taken in the house by one of the family and placed near the fire. The house cat at once became an interested spectator, and no sooner were they deposited than she went to them, and, taking one in her mouth, she carried it to a corner of the room and gently laid it down; then she hurried back to the other one and brought it in the same way, and, after giving them a tongue washing, as a cat does a kitten, she curled up and they nestled to her soft fur. They are two weeks old now, and are constantly with the cat, who guards them with the tender care of a mother, and on the approach of danger will take them in her mouth and carry them to a place of safety.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Sleeping Frogs.

Among many creatures that sleep in the winter are the frogs, with their two very long hindlegs, short forelegs and with big black eyes on each side of their very big mouths.

When the cold days come and the water begins to freeze in the pond, the frogs know that it is time to go to bed for all winter. Down they go, and their families with them, to the bottom; then they begin to dig with their long hind feet into the soft mud. They work themselves down into their beds backward, until at last they are covered under the mud, all except the tips of their noses. There they go to sleep. After awhile they have an ice spread over them, and they can safely sleep all winter. They do not get hungry all this time.

After awhile spring comes and the sun grows bright and warm. Jack Frost carries away their covering and old Father Frog begins to push his nose up out of the mud until his ears are uncovered, then he nudges Mother Frog. "Wake up!" he says. "Don't you hear everybody busy up there?" And oh, how sleepy she is, poor thing! but he had tried the water and found it warm, and they must not rest any longer.—*Selected.*

The Children's Feet.

A poor woman, crossing one of the London parks, suddenly stopped and picked up something which she concealed in her apron. A policeman saw the act and followed her. She was ragged, and her furtive manner convinced him that she was making off with some article of value, such as is frequently dropped in public places. He called to her roughly:

"Here, what have you got in your apron?"

His threatening, official tone frightened her, and she made no answer. Feeling sure she had hidden a pocketbook or a jewel, he told her to show what she was trying to carry away or he would arrest her. Then the poor woman timidly unrolled her apron and revealed a handful of broken glass.

The policeman stared at it a moment, and muttered, "What in the world do you want with such rubbish?"

"I thought I'd take it out of the way of the children's feet," she said, meekly.

The emblem of the child's soul history is the passing of its tender feet. Who would leave anything in their path to hinder or hurt them? Whether she knew it or not, the poor woman put a gospel of love into her thoughtful deed. She obeyed in spirit the divine command to the ancient prophet: "Take up the stumbling blocks out of the way of my people."—*The Old Ladies' Journal.*

Home Measurements.

Sister measured my grin one day;
Took the ruler and me;
Counted the inches all the way—
One and two and three,

"Oh, you're a Cheshire cat," said she,
Father said: "That's no sin."
Then he nodded and smiled at me—
Smiled at my three-inch grin.

Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down.
Mother said: "Better a three-inch grin
Than a little half-inch frown."

—*St. Nicholas.*

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Tower Hill, Wis.—From the "Kindergarten Magazine" of September, we clip the following:

The editor of the Kindergarten Magazine spent the summer at Gertrude House, with the exception of a refreshing fortnight at Tower Hill, on the Wisconsin River, where the songs of poets and of birds were each in turn a tonic and an "anointing oil of gladness." A two-minute conversation will reveal to any unwary listener her devout enthusiasm over this natural park of pine and birch.

Polo, Ill.—Rev. A. K. Beem of Lapeer, Mich., is delivering a course of three lectures in the Opera House at this place this week, on the much-needed question of "Social Purity." We hope that many other towns will hear these lectures, the power of which we can commend from editorial knowledge. He speaks on the following topics: "The Situation Made Plain," "A Single Standard for Both Sexes," "Courtship," "The Higher Marriage," "The Sacredness of Parenthood," "The Welcome Child."

Chicago Pedagogy.—It is not strange that there should be confusion in the minds of many between "The University of Chicago College for Teachers," and "The School of Pedagogy" now being organized under the presidency of Colonel Parker, for both schools owe their existence to the generosity of Mrs. Emmons Blaine. But the prospective school is a normal college to be framed for the training of teachers, while the college for teachers is a department of the University arranged as to hours and program for the convenience of teachers, who want to continue their studies while in active service.

Good-Bye and Hail.—Last Sunday Rev. Mr. Simonds preached his farewell sermon at Madison, bringing to an end his five years of faithful work. He is now on his way to far-off Seattle, his future field of labor. He leaves a city of ten or twelve thousand for a city of eighty thousand, situated at the front door that America presents to Asia. He goes to help formulate a new civilization of such measureless possibilities that no one can predict its future. Unity tenders its sympathy to Madison, its congratulation to Seattle. To Brother Simonds we say "farewell" in Wisconsin, "hail" in Washington.

San Francisco.—Rev. Dr. Horatio Stebbins was recently permitted to celebrate the thirty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate over the First Unitarian Church of this city. Dr. Stebbins was called to this important post on the death of Starr King, and nobly has he entered into the labors and sustained the message of that great prophet. At the close of the service an engrossed testimonial, signed by three hundred members of the congregation, was presented to him, accompanied with a two thousand dollar check. Such a triumph over time and age is most reassuring in this day of short and feverish pastorates.

Mr. Powell's Summer Conference.—We have already published a preliminary notice of this meeting that gathered at the residence of our associate, Mr. E. P. Powell at Clinton, N. Y. The symposium lasted two days. But one paper was presented, that by Rev. H. H. Peabody on the topic, "Did Jesus Organize the Church?" but the range of discussion seems to have gone far afield as would become a conference that strolled among the trees, walked in the garden, lounged in the hammock, played on the lawn and talked in the library. Dr. Schmidt of Cornell, Dr. Smith Baker of Utica, Reverends Dr. Twining of New Jersey, J. B. Weeks of Paris Hill, W. R. Terrett and Samuel J. Saunders of Hamilton College, Dr. Hallock, Dwight Scovell, M. D. Sly of Clinton and others were in attendance. The local paper says: "There was a general expression of opinion that Central New York should have something of this sort on a larger scale as a permanent summer feature. We have the grand scenery, the healthy hillsides and the intellectual forces to constitute a Greenacre or Chautauqua of our own."

Unitarian.—With the first of September, Rev. A. W. Gould retired from the secretaryship of the Western Unitarian Conference, and his successor, Rev. F. C. Southworth, was inducted into the office. Mr. Gould in his retiring circular letter to the churches, says:

"I wish to bespeak for my successor, Mr. Southworth, the same sympathy and encouragement I have had, and a still more generous financial support. During the whole of my service, the work has been seriously crippled by lack of money to carry on any aggressive missionary campaign, as well as by the fact that I had accepted the office only as a temporary supply till some one should appear better fitted for the work. Now we have such a person, who is willing to give his whole life to this labor, and can plan on long lines, and I am sure he will deserve your heartiest support."

Accompanying this letter is one from the Board of Directors urging the following consideration upon the churches:

1. That in the interests of fraternity, as well as of the financial prosperity of the conference, it is very necessary that every church should hake some contribution to the support of this conference.

2. That in consideration of the fact that the expenses of the conference must be limited by the contributions of the churches it is very necessary that the conference should know early in the year what income it may count on, and therefore that the churches which have not already done so make their pledges at once for the year 1899-1900.

3. That one-half of the yearly contribution should be paid by November 1st, that the treasurer may not be embarrassed at the opening of the winter's work.

UNITY presents its greetings to the new secretary and tenders to him the gratuitous use of these columns as a means of communication with his constituents, and announcement of work done or advertisement of work to be done.

Books Received.

Fifteenth Report of the United States Civil Service Commission for the year ending June 30, '98. Government Printing Office: Washington, D. C., pp. 736. For free distribution.

Proceedings of the Thirty-second Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association held June 1, 2, Boston, Mass., pph., pp. 132.

Announcement of the University of Illinois College of Agriculture, Urbana, Ill., pph., pp. 48.

Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. Year ending March 31, 1899. Boston, Mass., pph., pp. 147.

Treasurer's Report Meadville Theological School for 1899, pph., pp. 12.

The American Journal of Sociology, Quarterly for September 1899. University of Chicago Press, Chicago, pp. 288.

"Chicago; Satan's Sanctum." By L. O. Curon. C. D. Phillips & Co., Chicago, pp. 232.

"The Word; Its Inspiration." Rev. E. D. Rendell. Connecticut New Church Association, New Haven, Conn., pp. 376.

"Talks About Authors and Their Work." By Ella Reeve Ware. A. Flanagan, publishers, Chicago, pp. 230.

"In Terms of Life." Wilbur W. Thoburn. Stanford University, California, pp. 242.

"John and His Friends." By Louis Albert Banks. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London, pp. 289.

"Educational Nuggets." Gathered by John R. Howard. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. New York, pp. 213.

"Patriotic Nuggets." Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, pp. 204.

"Annual Register, University of Chicago, July, 1898—July, 1899," pp. 501.

"President's Report, July, 1897—July, 1898, With Summaries for 1891-7," pp. 261.

"American National Red Cross Relief Committee Reports." The Knickerbocker Press, New York, pp. 320.

"Nannie's Happy Childhood." By Caroline Leslie Field. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, $1.00, pp. 155.

"Physical Nature of the Child and How to Study It." By Stuart Rowe. Ph. D. The Macmillan Company, New York, $1.00, pp. 207.

"Thirtieth Annual Report of the Illinois Humane Society, 1899," pph., pp. 61. Office Society's Building, 560 Wabash avenue.

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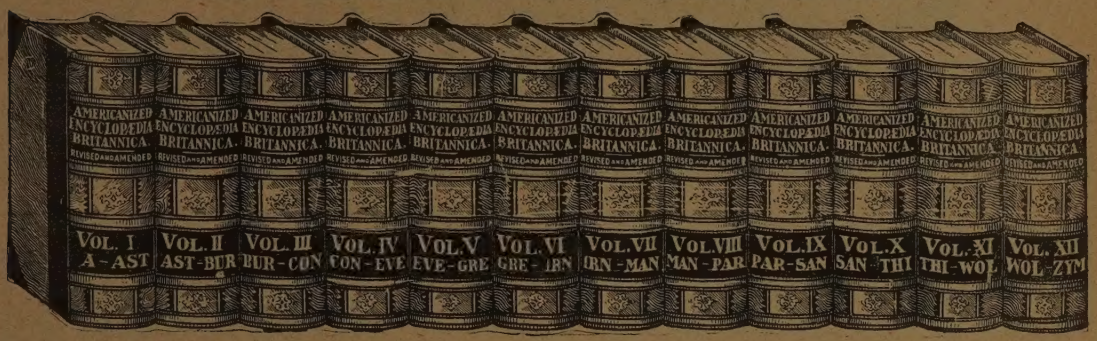

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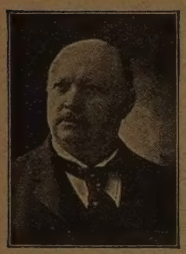

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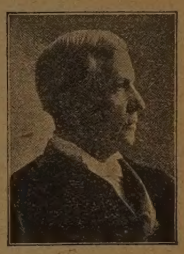

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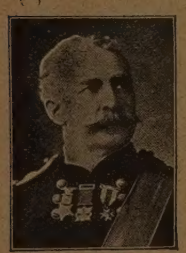

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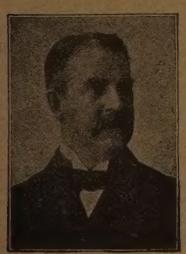

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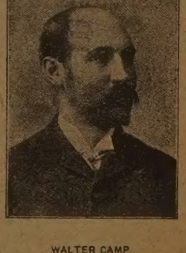

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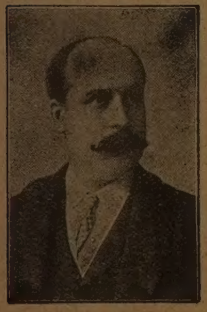

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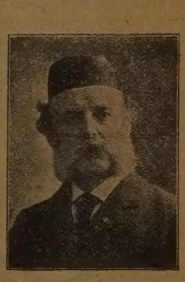

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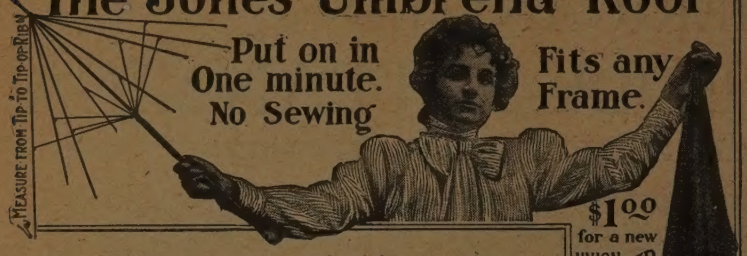
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